When the *Glympse* Struck Off Clover Point

Her Cargo Vanished

IN THE BLACK of the night Victorians —unless they were safe abed—might have seen rockets lancing into the overcast one night in 1860.

Next day, March 16, everybody knew that a ship had gone ashore off Clover Point, with 80 Chinese passengers aboard and a valuable cargo of merchandise for Victoria houses.

She was the bark Glympse, her master Capt. Gove, and among other things she carried carefully packed baskets of fine champagne, cutlery, boots and shoes, and a variety of other goods which contact with salt water wouldn't improve.

At first, with a strong sea pounding in and a wind whipping whitecaps as far as the eye could see towards Race Rocks, there didn't seem much hope for salvage of the Glympse. But HMS Satellite was ordered out of Esquimalt to stand by the wreck, and Capt. Gove kept his crew and many of his passengers at the pumps, hopefully.

Apart from the master's distaste for the thought of losing his command was the recollection that she was insured for only a small part of her value—$16,000; and her $28,000 cargo was not insured at all.

Capt. Gove explained the mishap by the fact that the light at the entrance to Esquimalt harbor was not burning, or at least he couldn't see it. He assumed the light at Victoria harbor entrance was that at Esquimalt, threw his helm over and ground up on the rocks close to the beach off Beacon Hill Park.

Although the vessel settled, she stuck fast on the rocks and no longer was pounding. In spite of the heavy weather, small boats were able to ferry much of the cargo, and even the ship's furnishings, to the beach.

But Capt. Gove should have been warned when all his cabin furnishings vanished overnight. The kegs and casks and baskets were still apparently intact on the shore, but when they were delivered to their consignees it was discovered that much of their contents had been femoved and the containers re-packed with a few stones to give them impressive poundage.

The wreckers were at work, The British Colonist reported.

They did a very thorough job on the champagne. The bottles they examined on the spot were carefully repacked and the baskets delivered to consignees. But the bottles were empty. Moreover, more than half of them had disappeared altogether.

Boxes of tea were half empty in many instances. And what was left of such perishable cargo was spoiled by sea water. Altogether it was a grim and bitter experience for poor Capt. Gove. Nor did the event improve the reputation of Victoria's waterfront characters who were blamed for the thievery.

Oddly, no one charged the Indians in this instance. Very likely a good many people were implicated, and undoubtedly their identities were known to more than a few.

Incidentally, all the Chinese landed safely from the wreck, and eventually she was hauled clear and salvaged.

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BUT IF INDIANS escaped the blame for the theft of the Glympse's cargo, they were strongly suspect in a series of house-breakings.

This article, one of a continuing series, is taken from the files of The British Colonist of nearly a century ago. The purpose of these stories is to shed light on conditions and events of the early days of the Vancouver Island colony.

The British Colonist reported that a number of Northern Indians were known to possess pass keys which would open most doors.

It warned householders to put bolts on all doors immediately.

And at the same time the newspaper reported the arrival from Fort Rupert of a whole fleet of canoes, with 500 Indians, who were mingling with the other tribes encamped on the lands across the harbor, and scattered along the road to Esquimalt.

On March 18, the newspaper reported, an Indian had put a musket to the head of William Wilson of the Royal Engineers, and demanded whiskey or money. That happened on the Esquimalt Road, and Wilson only barely escaped with his life. He was able to snatch the Indian's musket but took a severe knife wound in the thigh.

He managed to limp and, finally crawl as far as The Pilgrim's Inn, on Esquimalt's outskirts, where he was put to bed and tended.

It was the second such attack in four days on members of the Royal Engineers walking from Victoria to Esquimalt.

After dark, the road was far from safe.

Nanaimo Backs Youngsters Liberally in

NURSERY HOCKEY

By JOAN JOSEPH

DEVELOPMENT of alert minds and healthy bodies, and appreciation of sportsmanship keynote Nanaimo's growing Minor Hockey Association which involves for five months of the year approximately 300 district youngsters.

The association, headed by Eric Kneen, receives unlimited community support — witness the 13 service clubs and other organizations which sponsor teams in the four divisions, often voluntarily, and the hundreds of Nanaimo folk who turn out to the games.

But highlight for the boys is their performance at the Hockey Jamboree at the Civic Arena in January of each year.

The jamboree has become so popular that it annually raises over $1,000, all of which is poured back into the association.

Each boy supplies his own skates, stick and pads. The service clubs supply sweaters and other equipment.

Ages of the boys range from nine to 18 years in the four divisions, consisting of Peewees, Bantams, Midgets and Juveniles. The divisions are subdivided into teams, each named after one of the National Hockey League clubs.

On Jamboree night the majority of the boys' parents attend and excitement is feverish. Anything can happen, and usually does, such as the time when one small boy lost his pants during a match, much to his parents' consternation.

Perhaps the jamboree is no less a highlight for the association's 40 volunteer coaches, including two of the Nanaimo Clippers, Buddy Dumont and Bruno Furlan, who faithfully turn out at the arena with their teams on practice nights during the week and Saturday mornings.

It is at the Jamboree they see the fruits of the long labors spent with the youngsters.

The coaches, headed by Don Sarkissian, double as referees and have the right to suspend any boy for smoking or swearing, which are two very strict rules laid down by the association.

Individual statistics of each player are kept by the coaches, and keen rivalry between the teams is encouraged. All the boys have the same chance to be picked to play in the all-star teams and this is their biggest incentive.

In the case of the Juveniles and Midgets reports are sent to other clubs so that they have the opportunity of being picked to play for a club in another area.

Two boys from the Nanaimo Juveniles, Terry Harper and Larry McNab, went to Saskatchewan to play for the Regina Pats. Altogether six boys have had try-outs with junior clubs.

Any boy wishing to join the association has only to get his parents' permission, and have the necessary equipment.

The only money required is $1.25 which each boy is required to pay for mutual aid fund insurance.

The asociation was re-formed in 1952 and has gone from strength to strength ever since.

Present officers are Walt Snogan, vice-president, Rev. John Snowden, secretary, Stuart Johnson, treasurer, Bill Wilgress, equipment, Dick Robinson and Dr. Leo Margolis, managers.

The Nanaimo Minor Hockey Association was first recognized by the Pacific Coast Amateur Hockey Association in 1954.

From the association ranks three boys have come to the Nanaimo Clippers—Don Sutherland, Red Wilgress and Don Smith.

In the past two years Nanaimo Hockey groups have won the Island championship in three divisions.

Bantam and Juvenile groups for two years running were Pacific Coast League champions.

The Juveniles, in 1958, made the semi-finals for provincial title.

The all-star teams up to the present have made seven trips this year. Sweaters, socks, goal equipment and travelling expenses for these teams is paid for out of the funds raised at the Jamboree.

The association is fortunate in having Dr. Leo Margolis as one of the managers, as he is also the Vancouver Island representative for the B.C. Amateur Hockey Association.

These young hockey players think the world of their coach, Gordon Hardy. From left to right, Wayne Laxton, Larry Bishop, Barry McDowell and Don Marling gather around. (Islander photo.)